☞ All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates to have the letters and figures plain and distinct.

SORROW IN THE NIGHT.

Night, solemn Night! noiseless thy shadow falls,
While earth grows still, and moving forms retires.
Not sorrow thou: this is my time to roam.
From glare of day I hide these pained eyes;
In this dim light I may go forth to weep,
And hold communion with my lonely soul,
That wakeful, weary, yearns in vain for rest.
Rocked on the ark breast of the heaving sea
Lies the wild gull, nor knows how cold her couch,
Nor heedeth she the wailing of the wind.
Far in his eyric, upward toward the sky,
'Mid cragged rocks where ne'er a vine hath root,
The eagle droops his crest, nor feareth fall.
The insect nestles at the roses heart,
Lulled by the gentle, soothing summer breeze,
And when rude winter breaks the rose's heart
It lies torpid in some secret place
Till spring returns to waken it to life.
Thus do all weary living things repose,
Touched by the breath of the kind angel Sleep,
Who cometh nightly to frail mortals' world.
But I—ah! whither shall I go for rest?
My name is Sorrow. Sleep comes not to me.
Oft have I seen her heavenly pinions poise
O'er the fair forms of Love and Joy and Hope,
And while to sightless slumber soft they sank,
Have lifted up my hollow, tear-scorched eyes,
And by their burning floods of agony,
And by the pangs of heart-born groans, have plead
That o'er this sinking form she'd fold her wings,
And breathe upon my brow and throbbing breast
And seal my senses for a little while.
But nay; she heedth not or prayer or pain.
Tender to all, to Sorrow only stern.

Then to me cometh gaunt, grim Thought—Sleep's foe,
Of glaring, piercing eye and restless soul—
As the great ocean tossing ever more.
He bringeth countless instruments of pain
For which my lips can speak no fitting names.
Some are sharp arrows dipped in fire and bane;
One is a cup brimming with mingled draught,
Bitter and hot, nor one sweet strength'ning drop.
Sure is his aim, restless is his grasp.
I bear the tortures, though they rack my frame,
And forced to drink, I drain the draught of Thought.
Not till soft gray-winged Sleep flieth from Earth,
And rosy day is rising o'er the hills,
Doth my tormentor leave his victim, worn,
Weary, and faint from conflict long and fierce.
Gone then the burning fever, the wild pain;
Feeble my pulse, icy my heart's slow stream.
Ah! 'tis the sick'ning cold, the sinking low,
That follow after wrestling long with Thought.
—Anna D. Ludlow, in Harper's Magazine.

A WORDLESS WOOING.

The Romantic Story of an Operator's Courtship.

[Written for this paper.]

THE little town where I had grown up became too small for me—or at least it became too dull.

The people were like books which I had read too often for interest, and the quiet little streets, with their familiar houses and shops, grew so irksome that I planned day and night for some way of escape.

If it had not been for Salina there would have been no difficulty about going. But Salina was my sister, twenty years older than myself, who kept the old house back of the larches, where we lived together and alone; and I was Salina's only protector and provider, being the day telegraph operator at the station. Just how restless and discontented I grew with my quiet round, I am glad Salina never knew; for one day—one of the days when I was the hottest with selfish impatience—I came home and found my sister placidly waiting for me, as she had so often waited on the seat by the door, and when I touched her I saw that her kind heart had flickered out there in the watching, and that I should never fret under her admonitions again. She had a spray of lilac in her hand which she had no doubt intended for me, and in the cool little dining-room, my supper and her's were laid out in the quaint way from which she never varied. I insisted on having her laid right there under the larches where she had lived from baby-hood, and I boarded up the old windows with something of the same feeling that I had when they screwed the coffin lid over Salina. When I had pad-locked the gates, I took a train for Chicago with a feeling of home-sickness and desolation horribly in contrast with the anticipation I had expected to feel on my home-leaving.

Two days and a night brought me into Chicago on a dark morning when the air seemed to be made of murk and moisture, and the sky above the city looked like a web-hung ceiling black with filth. I got a room on a quiet street, and, though it was very high up and choked me with a sense of imprisonment whenever I looked out on the solid front of buildings that faced it, yet it was clean and secluded, and suited my lonely and exclusive mood. To my surprise I had but little trouble in finding work, though I was obliged to content myself with a night job. This added to the strangeness of my new life. It gave me an uncanny feeling to walk down to my work through the red sun set, just as other men were coming home, and to creep into bed when the morning glare and the morning breeze spoke of life and business.

My fancied bravery had quite vanished and I felt myself very lonesome and not a little timid in the midst of the tremendous whirl about me, and, after a time, as I made no acquaintances, even began to grow a little morbid, and to wonder if all humanity was forever going to slip by me in those twilight walks of mine, and if all the people crowding the busy streets were eternally to pass me with their footsteps bent in the other direction.

Matters would have got quite desperate but for the pleasant hours I spent between three and five in the afternoon, when my sleep was finished and my work not yet begun. Occasionally I spent those hours walking, but I had not the joy in city streets which most countrymen have, and found myself continually irritated by that feeling of imprisonment.

"Now," I would say to myself, "surely when I get to the next corner I shall come to the open country and be able to look out a little."

But the next corner would be choked like the rest with business blocks or stern-looking dwellings, till it seemed to me that I should cry out against these barren walls of stone, and gathering a gigantic strength from my misery, topple them down and sit like a titan among their ruins, triumphant.

But being a young man who, at my best, weighed only one hundred and fifty pounds, I was obliged to forego any such heroic pleasure, and to content myself by sympathizing with Yankee Doodle in his complaint that "he couldn't see the town, there were so many houses."

So I was best pleased to sit by my window and read, for a whole world of literature had been opened to me when I discovered the Sea Side Library, whose volumes I purchased and kept carefully piled on my little table. Across the way and on an exact level with my window—no, I mistake, a very little above my window—was a box of nasturtiums at whose brilliant blossoms I was never tired of looking. This box stood on the window ledge, and out of its corners grew a most ambitious vine which had made its way up the side of the windows in so luxuriant a manner that it left but little room for the yellow silk curtains to be visible in. Sometimes an uncaged parrot came and perched on the ledge and gave his fantastic colors to the completion of the gay scene. The window was an odd one, Moorish in design—as even a person unskilled in architecture could discover it to be, and I used to sit and wonder what sort of a person lived back of all this splendor. For what with the deep-hued nasturtiums, all saffron and scarlet, and the parrot all green and red, and the swaying yellow curtains, not to mention a huge Flemish pitcher that stood there, the window was a wonder of color in that quiet and severe street otherwise showed little but linen shades and inside blinds. Indeed, I sometimes thought that street must be an asylum for deaf and dumb houses, so lacking in vivacity was its aspect.

One night I finished my dinner earlier than was my custom, and finding that I had still a few minutes of leisure

I SAT AT MY WINDOW.

left, sat down in my window to finish the charmed pages of "Eothen," when, chancing to look up, I saw a face at the gay window opposite. A more appropriate head for that window could not possibly have been imagined. It was crowned with quantities of erratic red hair. The cheeks were glowing, the lips full and red, and, though I could not see the color of the eyes, they gave me a sense of brightness. The gown, turned away from the full throat, was as blue as the Flemish pitcher, and at the spot where its folds met gleamed a bunch of the nasturtiums.

I was conscious that the face threw a bright glance my way, and blushed to think how wan and weary I must look to such a a gay, glad creature. A quick glance was all I got, but that night, walking down in the windy twilight it haunted me wonderfully.

Perhaps I can safely say it was the first thing that had entertained me since Salina was laid away under the larches.

The next day, for a reason which I would not own to myself, I sat by my window with persistency, but though the nasturtiums seemed more gaudy than ever and the parrot stood among them and shrieked "fine day, fine day," I saw nothing of the radiant face.

I worked all night with a feeling of disappointment and was glad enough when morning came.

"There is nothing in life so charming as sleep—except death," says some Frenchman, and his epigram kept ringing in my ears as I took my early breakfast at a little coffee-house and hurried home. Few were on the streets yet, but the sparrows were chippering in a frantic manner and five hundred whistles were in full-throated clamor.

The morning was very sultry and I sat in the window a moment to rest before throwing off my clothes. I lifted my tired eyes wearily, and there across the way in the midst of her oriental splendor, sat my bright lady. She was looking at me in so pitying a way that I felt sure she was thinking of me, and I knew my face was pale with fatigue and sad with loneliness.

My hand resting on the sill, held a pencil, and mechanically, with no thought that she might hear or understand, I tapped in telegraphic signs:

"I am so tired!"

Can you fancy my delight, my surprise, my bewilderment, when the pretty white finger with the thimble on it responded quickly:

"Tell me why you are tired."

Oh, Salina, Salina, can you imagine how sweet it was to your lonely boy? If you could only know how sweet she was, Salina, how much brighter and gayer than any thing we ever saw in the old town! Could you wonder, Salina, that I grew bold and told her my story, or blame me, that when she drew the curtains at last and nodded a farewell, I laid down and slept as if I had been drinking poppy-juice?

After that I always got a nod from her whenever I chanced to see her, but she had evidently repented of her former impulsiveness and would no longer respond when I tapped some courteous message over to her. But one dull Sunday, when there was a frightful downpouring of rain, I saw my bright lady at her window, and I counted on her ennui to make her kind. The windows were closed, of course, and the street quite deserted. The nasturtiums were getting a drenching, the parrot was not visible. Even the yellow curtains were pushed aside to admit the light, and my bright lady looked very dull as she sat in a prim black gown reading what appeared to me to be the Bible.

I tapped on the window:

"For mercy's sake be kind and speak to me." I waited in breathless anxiety. She appeared to be looking for something. At last she found it. It was a pencil.

"What is the matter," she tapped. "What good will it do to have me speak to you?"

"I am perishing of loneliness," I replied.

"Why don't you go see some one?" interrogated her pencil.

"I don't know any one—but you," said I.

"Then smoke," suggested the saucy pencil over the way.

"Nonsense," said my pencil. "What are you reading?"

"Thomas-a-Kempis," responded the pencil.

"And what does he say?" I inquired.

"He says: 'For I am better pleased with humility and patience, and deep contrition of heart in a disconsolate and afflicted state, than with an eager zeal,'" replied the lady, looking down at her book.

"To whom are his remarks addressed?" I ventured.

"To young men," replied she.

"But," objected my pencil, "all the young men he spoke to are dead."

"He also says," went on the saucy pencil across the way. "For this is wisdom, indeed, when a man is not carried about with every blast of air, but stops his ears against the siren's charms."

"Really," returned I, "I can't quite make this learned gentleman out—nor you either."

"He says further," continued my roguish one with her eyes demurely fastened on the book, "my methods and dealings are to be admired and held in reverence, not saucily criticized upon. And what men can not comprehend they should not presume to take into examination."

"Enough," said I, "I am reproved."

"Hush, hush," cried the other pencil, "I hear my aunt coming."

"Why do you not cry anon, good nurse?" I asked, but the curtains were drawn and I was left in desolation. The darkness had fallen early and I could see the lights flame up over the the way. It was about ten minutes after this that the yellow curtains were parted again and a roguish face looked out.

"Are you there still?" tapped the pencil.

"Of course I am," responded mine with as much sullness as can be put into telegraphic taps.

"I have found a new passage in A' Kempis'," tapped my lady, sparkling out in a red glow that lit up the black street.

"Here it is. 'Now that thy applications are come up into my ears and thou hast cast thyself upon my mercy, I will revive thy drooping spirits, and thou shalt, after this dark and dismal storm, rejoice again in the light of my countenance.'"

"Angel," I started to signal recklessly, but the curtains were drawn again and I came to the realization, with a start, that it was time for me to put on my rubber coat and go down to the office, which I did, in a spirit much at variance with the gloom of the evening.

After this, never a week passed without our having at least two or three little chats, by means of these wonderful signs, which I now appreciated for the first time. Sometimes I would see my lady at her window and would signal to her, and be met with blank silence. Then I always knew that some one was present in the room.

One day, however, when she had consented to converse, I tapped.

"Do you know, I think it is time you let me call on you."

"Impossible. My aunt!" protested my lady.

"But I must see you."

"And so you do."

"I mean I must talk to you."

"Perhaps you will tell me what you are doing now?"

"I want to hear your voice."

"It is frightful."

"I don't believe it."

"Why don't you get an introduction?"

"I don't know a soul in the city."

"Get acquainted, then."

"With whom? Tell me, and I'll do it."

"Come to think of it, I'm a stranger myself. I don't believe you can get an introduction."

"Then I'll call without."

"I shan't receive you."

"Please do, Miss Grant."

"I shall not, Mr. Millet."

"Why did you learn telegraphy, Miss Grant?"

"That I might earn my bread and butter, Mr. Millet."

"I infer that there is no longer a necessity."

"You are impertinent, sir, but I will satisfy your curiosity. I am companion to my aunt."

"Most happy aunt!"

"I wish you good evening, Mr. Millet."

"No, no, I beg—"

But there was nothing at the window but a box of nasturtiums.

Oh, how young she was! How sweet, and how — how to encompass her acquaintance! My work began to increase as the season advanced, and my shyness still kept me from making friends. But indeed I had lost all desire to do so. I lived in that window over the way. I was glad it was a little way above me. It made it easier to worship.

One evening toward fall, in the early dusk, I heard that soft electrifying tapping over the way.

"Good evening, Mr. Millet."

"Good evening, Miss Grant."

"I have called you up to say good bye. We are leaving to-morrow."

"Do you mean it?"

"We are going to Florida for the winter."

"Great heavens! I shall never see you again!"

"Why should you say that?"

"I feel it! I am sure of it! I shall die when you are gone!" There was no answer to this remark, though I waited some time.

"Do you not know that your friendship is all I have in life?" Still no reply.

"I have loved your sweet face ever since I first saw it. If I have failed to secure a conventional acquaintance it was only from fear of causing you embarrassment and because I dreaded to break the delicate charm of our peculiar intercourse."

Still silence.

"Are you listening to me?"

"Yes," faintly.

I HAVE CALLED YOU UP TO SAY GOOD-BYE.

"Then if you go, remember that I love you; that no other woman's face will ever charm me; that my life will be a vacant tedium until I see you again."

Silence.

"For God's sake speak! Am I to utterly lose you out of my life?" There was a pause. I trembled.

"I will write to you if you wish."

"My bright lady! Thank you! Then you are not indifferent, this has not been a mere freak—"

"Mr. Millet."

"Yes."

"Does it occur to you that you are accusing me of immodesty?"

"What do you mean?"

"Do you think I would heedlessly indulge in a 'freak?'"

"Then your interest in me, your pity for me has been sincere. Tell me that I may hope—"

"My Aunt! You may hope, Mr. Millet. Good night."

I saw her no more, but in a few days I got her address, in a letter which contained nothing else.

I don't know how she managed it but some way, during those long months that I stared at the bleak window opposite, with its ragged handful of dead flowers, she broke the story to her aunt, and in the spring I married her.

She didn't care for city life, and so I went back to the little town again where I had grown up.

You have no idea how the old house looks! It is as gay as a bachelor who has fallen in love in his dotage. Some way or other the sunlight has been let in everywhere, and there are boxes of nasturtiums growing in the dining-room windows, and in Salina's old room there is a little cradle.

Oh dear old Salina, I wish you could see what a bright, gay creature it is that plants the pansies about your grave! And she always sings as she does it, Salina, till she transfigures death for me!

Why Salina, even the larches no longer look sad!

ELIA W. PEATTIE.

SLIGHTLY MIXED

A Yorkshire Woman's Peculiar Prayer for Her Sick Husband.

The extent to which the ordinary services of the church are understood by the poor is not easy to determine without special inquiry, and yet sometimes the clergy come upon alarming proofs that things are not quite so clear as they suppose them to be. It is not so long ago since a Yorkshire incumbent, dwelling in a valley where the people are supposed to be particularly long-headed, told me of a mournful experience which befell him when visiting a sick parishioner. The Yorkshireman was ill, very ill, but doggedly opposed to spending a penny upon the doctor. He had found he thought, a more excellent way, and was accordingly conducting, with very alarming result, some experiments upon his constitution. Excessive devotion to a cheap but far from innocuous quack medicine was fast bringing him to a state in which medical aid and the infallible pill would be alike superfluous. "My dear Mrs. ——," said the vicar to his obstinate parishioner's wife, "your husband is really killing himself with those pills. It's a case of suicide—a downright sin." "Yes, sir," replied the tearful partner; "I know it, and many's the time I've prayed against it in the church service." "In the church service?" said the vicar, a little doubtfully; "you mean when we pray for the sick?" "Oh, no, sir," was the reply; "I mean where we always say in the litany—isn't it?—'From all false doctoring good Lord deliver us!'"—Cornhill Magazine.

Self-Respect and Self-Esteem.

Self-respect ought to be counted precious by every person. No man ought to forfeit his self-respect out of regard to any human being. But let a man beware lest he confound self-respect with self-esteem. A man may refuse to do right at the request of another simply because by changing his course he would practically admit that his opinions had been wrong on the subject up to this time. Many a man makes a mistake at this point. It is better to mortify one's self-esteem than to maintain it at the cost of continuing in a wrong course. True self-respect would prompt us to avoid being controlled by our self-esteem; and it is often the case that another man's judgment as to the dictates of our self-respect is better than our own.—S. S. Times.

—An aged woman in New Hampshire, the widow of one of the men who in 1840 voted for William Henry Harrison, recently wrote a letter to General Harrison, using paper made in 1840 for campaign purposes, and stamped with the log-cabin device. She was made very happy by an exceedingly cordial letter from the grandson of his grandfather.

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

WOMEN'S WORK AND WAGES.

Report of Extended Investigation of the Condition of Workingwomen.

There are now in the Knights of Labor between 10,000 and 12,000 women. These organizations were represented at the General Assembly of the Knights of Labor at Indianapolis by Mrs. L. M. Barry, of Philadelphia, general organizer and lecturer; Mrs. A. P. Stevens, of Toledo, and Miss Mary Burk, Bellaire, O.

Mrs. Barry made an important and interesting report of her work in investigating woman's work and wages in various parts of the country. She gave facts and figures regarding "the contract-sweating middle-men, or slop-shop plan, which works ruin, misery, sin and shame to toilers, and death or failure to the legitimate or regularly established industry with which it competes. Instance the following: Men's pants that retail at prices from one to seven dollars per pair are taken by the contractor at fifteen cents per pair. Operatives are then employed and then huddled together in a close, stifling back room, where the machine operatives furnish their own machines, and in most cases thread, and do all the machine work on pants, without basting, for five cents a pair. They are then passed over to the finisher, who puts on the buttons, makes button-holes and puts on buckles for five cents per pair. Six pairs is an average day's work. Supposing five operatives to be employed, and there are oftener more than less, the contractor makes thirty cents a head, which nets him or her one dollar and a half per day, while his or her victim gets thirty cents per day."

In Pennsylvania she found "the violation of every law in regard to the employment of women and children is to be met with on every hand, and it is my earnest request that every Knight of Labor in Pennsylvania will give his support to the bill which I have prepared and will have presented at the session of the coming State Legislature for the establishment of a factory inspection law on behalf of the little ones of this rich and thriving State, 20,000 of whom are deprived of the privileges of common school education, and 125,000 of whom are employed in its workshops, factories, mines and mercantile industries. There are many evils attendant upon the employment of children, particularly girls, which lead to misery, ignorance and despair. A custom is rapidly increasing in the country which means shame, dishonor and humiliation to womanhood, and I here and now appeal to every father within sound of my voice to be watchful and wary of his little daughter if she be employed in any large establishment or small one, either, where she is made to understand that the price of her position is that she 'stand in with the boss.' Many may ask why I do not give name and locality. First, because those who resent such pernicious approaches shrink from giving publicity to their humiliation, and those who do submit will not make their misfortune public until, perhaps, they can no longer hide their shame. In very many instances facts were given that were blood-curdling, but no affidavit would be made, and neither myself nor the order was in a position to stand a libel suit with all the power of wealth against us wherewith to influence a decision against honor and truth."

WOMAN SUFFRAGE ABROAD.

The Condition of Affairs in France—Progress in Business and Education.

The "woman question" is making at last a stir in France, all the greater for the length of time it has been staved off. It is only within two or three years that there has been a decided rising against conventual education—a custom so long established that "leaving the convent" has become in French a synonym for finishing a girl's education. At this moment the public is occpied with the attempts of women to enter the learned professions. The Parisians were startled a short time ago by the application of a girl in Brussels, who had taken her degree in law, for admission to the bar, which the court denied. More recently in Paris a very pretty and very clever Mlle. Schultze read a thesis, when graduating at the Medical School, on the practice of medicine by women. She had been a very brilliant student, and her thesis was very able, and was listened to with great interest by a crowded audience. Dr. Charcot, famed for his experiments in hypnotism, answered her, denying most of her conclusions, but complimenting her highly, in thoroughly French fashion, on her beauty. The public is, however, apparently on her side. Dr. Charcot complained that women doctors did not want to serve in the lower grades of the profession, that they would not doctor quietly in country villages, but insisted on competing with the men in the great cities, where the profession is already overcrowded; to which the Temps replies very aptly, that if women doctors cling to the cities, men doctors do the same thing, in spite of the overcrowding. Conservatives are still further alarmed by a bill now before the Chambers giving women who are at the head of business houses the right to vote at the election of the judges of the tribunals of commerce who pass on disputed points arising out of business transactions. They do not object seriously to the simple proposal that such women should vote, but they use against it the "entering wedge" argument, and insist that it will end in women sitting as judges, which all seem to agree would be a scandal; at least this is the conclusion we draw from the answer of the Temps, that this is something which would never happen, though why it would not happen does not appear.—N. Y. Evening Post.

THE opponents of woman suffrage are sure that women would not exercise a purifying influence in politics if allowed the ballot. However it might turn out, it is highly probable that they would try to withdraw from political parades the indecent caricatures of their sex which detract from the dignity of the grandest procession. Women feel humbled that such burlesques are tolerated.—New England Farmer.

"ON TO THE CITADEL!"

Progress In the March of Woman Toward Higher Education.

Columbia College is to have an "annex" for women. The trustees have at last agreed to a plan for an annex upon the following conditions: That the college for women shall have the same professors and instructors as Columbia College; that there shall be no dormotories or sleeping-apartments for the girls in the college buildings, or in the immediate neighborhood of Columbia College; that the college for women shall meet its own expenses, not requiring any money from Columbia College for its support, and that the trustees of the new college shall be approved by the trustees of Columbia College. The three ladies who have been most active in forwarding the idea of an annex are Mrs. Alfred Meyer, Mrs. Frances Fisher Wood, and Mrs. F. J. M. Merrill; and the consent of the trustees having been obtained, the work of obtaining the necessary money and arranging details concerning the courses of study, classes, and the site of the college buildings, is now being pushed forward rapidly. As a nucleus for the new college, there are at present thirty young women taking the regular college courses, who are obliged to obtain their instruction outside of the college, not being allowed to attend recitations with the young men, but who are obliged to pass the same examinations.

This concession is the reply to twelve years' rapping at the doors of Columbia College. Sorosis, in December, 1876, presented a memorial to the board of trustees of the college, asking that young women should be admitted to the college classes. The memorial, after a discussion, was laid on the table by a unanimous vote. Three years later a motion that the statutes of the college should be changed as not to prohibit the attendance of women on certain courses of lectures, under certain conditions, were refused.

Woman's Rule.

Rev. Dr. Benjamin Akerly, the venerable Episcopalian minister of Oakland, said, the other evening, to a young lady from New York: "In looking over my career, I find that I have been ruled by a woman all my life. When I was a boy my mother ruled me, when I got married I had to do as my wife wished, and now I find that I am not independent of my daughter's commands." "And yet you seem to have survived pretty well under their tyrannical sway," remarked the young lady. "Indeed I have," said Dr. Akerly; "and were I to confess I should say that had I always followed their sound advice I should have made fewer mistakes in life."—San Francisco Paper.

SUFFRAGE GLEANINGS.

REMEMBER this—no man can understand a woman's needs; no politician cares for an unrepresented party.

We women are born governors by virtue of our motherhood. I pity the man, the miserable coward, who says that woman must not vote because she can not fight. The whole tendency of the day is toward a peaceful arbitration.—Mrs. Zerelda G. Wallace.

THE New York Independent in commenting upon the Boston election says: "The women voted by the thousand and they were not insulted or unsexed. They voted in a dignified, ladylike way, and their presence made the polling-places more decent than ever before. The way they voted was quite as intelligent as that of their brothers, and the result commends itself to good citizens.

AN Ohio farmer created considerable consternation at an institute held at Marietta by addressing the meeting on the subject of "Wife Culture." It was a branch of husbandry they had not been in the habit of considering. He recommended as essentials in this cultivation the providing of proper labor-saving conveniences for the house as well as the farm, the refinements of life, and time spent in its pleasures and amusements.—Woman's Chronicle.

WOMAN suffrage has been introduced in various degrees in every territory but New Mexico and every mainland province of Canada, every colony of Australia but one and in over 100 States, territories and provinces of North America, Europe, Asia and Polynesia, beside nearly 2,000 widely scattered islands. The area of these regions is given as over 14,000,000 of square miles and the population as nearly 300,000,000.—Washington Post.

MRS. CRAWFORD, the Paris correspondent of the London Daily News, testifies to the substantial wrongs which will be remedied by M. Ernest Lefevre's Bill, now pending in the French Chamber of Deputies, to give tradeswomen a right to vote for Judges of the Tribunal of Commerce. Mrs. Crawford says that in spite of the low legal status of women in France, women exercise a great and wholly irresponsible power in the political world. "They are too well off to realize how bad the law is." In business circles it is very different.

IT is time women entered a protest against the modern evasive method of education by college annexes. Women are either fit to enter colleges, or they are not; it is an insult to them, and an abuse of the faculty, to put them in little sideshows, where they may pick up the crumbs left from college tables. We have splendidly equipped educational institutions, all of which should be as free to girls as boys; if there are not enough, have more, but stop the annexes, and give the girls, as well as the boys, a chance for real work.—The Housewife.

SINCE only the matter of general representation, and not a certain degree of intelligence and knowledge of the care of property is considered in the matter of deciding upon public questions which concern women as well as men, I believe that common justice gives women the right to vote. . . . To the plea that the ignorant vote will be so greatly increased, I maintain that women will become educated by the use and possession of their right much faster than men have become educated, and that there will be a larger proportion of conscientious and unpartisan votes than are cast now.—Sarah Orne Jewett.

GOOD BREEDING STOCK.

Essentials Necessary to Building Up a Trade in Blooded Animals.

In order to make a success of breeding and raising stock to sell again as breeders, it is not only necessary to have good stock, but he must build up a reputation for his stock and himself. His stock may be of the very best kind, and yet if he has not been able to build up a reputation for honesty and fair dealing, he will find it somewhat difficult to build up a good trade.

It is not only necessary that he should own good stock, but he must be able to make and breed so that the offspring that he may secure will not only be of fully as good a quality as the parents, but he must be able to still further transmit these good qualities to his offspring. The appearance of his is not always a criterion of this, and this is one reason why it is so necessary to deal with only reliable parties. The purchaser of improved stock generally makes an investment that he expects to be profitable. Nearly all kinds of breeding stock are sold at prices considerably above the average market prices, considering every thing else to be equal, except as for breeders.

In determining a question of this kind the reliability and honesty of the breeder becomes a very important item, as it is the purchaser's principal reliance for securing good breeding stock. And the breeder who has started out with the intention of securing, or rather of building up a trade, must be honest with his customers, or in a short time he will find himself unable to make sales at any thing like a fair price. A reputation for honesty is at the foundation of success with the breeders, and if any thing like a lasting business is secured it is absolutely essential. It is true that occasionally a breeder will be able by sharp practices to seemingly make a success for some time, but he is certain to be overtaken at last; while on the other hand, a reputation for honesty and fair dealing will grow, and the longer the better, so that the reputation, or the name itself, will be quite an item.—Des Moines Leader.

SWEET POTATOES.

What a Large Cultivator Has to Say About Their Value as a Food for Stock.

Those farmers in the West and South who raise grain and stock should certainly raise sweet potatoes to feed their stock in connection with grain. Aside from their fat and flesh-forming materials they exercise a cooling influence on the system, materially reducing the chances of disease. From three to six times as many bushels per acre can be grown as of corn, thus making them the cheapest to raise. They can be easily grown on almost any kind of soil where water does not stand at any time, but on low land the ridges should be made quite high, and plants of the Golden Queen and Red Bermuda set at least two feet apart on the ridge. The above kinds are the most productive and are excelent varieties for the table.

A large cultivator says that fed with corn—one-third potato and two-thirds corn—to hogs, and given nothing but water to drink, they increased in weight much faster than others which had their feed of corn supplemented with the milk and slops from the kitchen. The analysis of sweet potato shows 65.2 per cent. of starch and 14.8 per cent. of sugar, which is proof enough of their value as a food product.

At this time, more than ever before, the profits of the farm depend upon the economical methods and in its management. The low price of most all kinds of farm produce makes it absolutely necessary for the farmer to look for the cheapest way to produce the same.

USES OF INSECTS.

New Theories Advanced by a Prominent New Jersey Entomologist.

George D. Hulst, entomologist of the New Jersey Experiment Station, holds to the opinion that injurious insects after all are not an unmitigated evil. They make production a little more laborious, he says, and add to the chances of financial success for the careful man. We have yet much to learn about insects, and how to deal with them; but we are advancing. A knowledge of the life history of every insect is needed in order to show us at what stage of its existence—egg, worm or caterpillar, chrysalis and perfect insect—we can take it at its greatest disadvantage. Of poisonous remedies the arsenical preparations answer the purpose for leaf-eaters in almost every instance. Kerosene and pyrethrum kill by contact. A mixture of the two kinds, however, Paris green or London purple with kerosene emulsion or pyrethrum, secure two chances to kill, and will be found most effective in many cases.

Mr. Hulst also states that we need stricter laws, or stricter enforcement of existing laws, against the destruction of birds. The demands for material for decorating female head-gear have done more to strip the country of our song birds than the quarrelsome nature of the English sparrow. Among useful insect-eaters Mr. Hulst names toads, snakes, moles, the latter the only enemy that preys upon the rose-beetle when in the larval state. People should begin to fight insects at their first appearance, and not wait until they have grown numerous and destructive.—Chicago Journal.

—"If you don't want to buy, come in anyway and pet our cat," is a friendly invitation which a sign in front of a Sedalia, Mo., store holds out to passers by.

—A New Haven pastor has been gifted by nature with many abilities, which have been highly developed, but they do not include a melodious voice. Realizing this defect, he placed himself under the instruction of a leading professor in elocution, and labored hard to improve his delivery. At the end of a course of lectures for which he had contracted the professor said to him: "There is no use in keeping this up any longer, and I don't feel justified in taking your money. What you need is a new larynx."—New Haven Palladium.